

Lotti Di

Ours

I warned you to leave him
I told you, "Don't believe him"
And now you come to me

Is this just beginning?
I'm hurt, so now you're winning
How could you come to me
And say it's just a wound?

Young child, i feel your numbness
In a while you'll get sick from this
Then i'll purge your words tomorrow
Then i'll throw you away

I want to believe him
I want to hold him and i want to
Believe him

I'll tell her i need her
Open her mind and feed her
What i believe to be the things she's got to know

Like a child i feel your numbness
In a while you'll get sick from this
Then i'll purge my words tomorrow
Then i'll throw you away

Lotti di da de da do de...